

# Bob Lind, Dale Anne

Dale Anne is a mermaid on the sand  
Reaching out with helpless hands  
For someone to understand  
Sometimes I get to thinking of the way she used to cry  
It makes me want to rise and paint her picture on the sky  
So everyone could see how sadly beautiful she is  
And bring sunshine to the darkness where she lives

Dale Anne is a bird with frozen wings  
She's the queen of everything  
That's been forgotten by the spring  
She has been deserted by the ones she used to trust  
Packing up their promises, they vanished in the dust  
Standing at the crossroads of tomorrow and goodbye  
She's lost inside of other peoples' lives

Dale Anne is a song that no-one hears  
Holding memories like a mirror  
Reflecting images of tears  
All her faithless vagabonds have finished with their scenes  
She remains discarded in the graveyard of her dreams  
Whenever I see roses helpless in the rain  
My thoughts go turning back to Dale Anne